

The Ladies' Garland.

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SELECTED.

FROM THE TRENTON EMPORIUM.

THE RETURN.

*"To the home of my childhood in sorrow I came,
And I fondly expected to find it the same,
Full of sunshine and joy as I thought it to be,
In days when the world was all sunshine to me."*

There was one who never said, or sung, or heard, these beautiful and pathetic lines without a tear. Poor Maywood, his memory haunts me yet, though almost twice ten summers have smiled above his grave. The spot of earth that was our home in childhood always takes fast hold of our affections, and our earliest friends are remembered with the warmest heart. When trials press around, and troubles cross our pathway, as we pass our journey to the consummation of our destinies, we turn to the peaceful heritage of our fathers, still robed by fancy in its fadeless green, to the only bright abode in the wide world, and lose in the contemplation of its remembered loveliness one half the pain and tumult of the present: and so, too, when the friends of later years grow faithless and deceive us, the light of youthful friendships, undimmed in the distance, grow brighter and still more bright, as a star that faintly twinkled in the twilight blazes in all its native lustre, when the gathered shades of night crowd into the deep bosom of the heavens. It was thus with Maywood.

He was born and brought up on the banks of the Hudson, not indeed in the midst of luxury, but surrounded by plenty, and blest with an unbroken circle of bosom friends and relatives; a father whom he loved as life, and well he might, for he was one of the best of parents; a mother, whose soul was wrapt up in the darling boy, and who idolized him almost to a fault; a brother and sister younger than himself, and loved by him more fondly because they were more helpless; and a company of school-mates, in whose merry holiday circles he was the umpire of every controversy, and the prince to whom they paid the largest tribute of their affections. Here he had dwelt for years, and as he ripened into youthful vigor, amid scenes so delightful and so full of bliss, his very existence became wrapt up day by day in the endearment of his home, and the enjoyment of calm and unruffled peacefulness.

Besides all, there was one other ligament, which, had all these been severed, would have bound him to the scenes of his childhood, had fortune willed it, forever. Beauty threw her bewitching chain around him at an early day, and it grew stronger, as he grew older. Annette was a year younger than himself. From the companion of his infancy, and the partaker of his sports, she became the mistress of his first affection, and where love is mutual, as it was here, it is not apt to be quenched even by time itself. She was a bewitching creature, beautiful beyond expression, and in full bloom of health; gay, sprightly, and fond of those who loved her; returning the homage of worship with worship, even more nearly allied to idolatry. It was no wonder that Maywood loved—no wonder, that as he grew towards manhood, his soul reflected but the light of hers.

But he was not permitted always to enjoy his native haunts and mingle in this loved society. A wealthy uncle came over from England on a visit to his father, and became so much attached to him that he resolved to take him to London on his return. The time arrived, a week was spent in bidding adieu to his friends, one half of which was spent in solitary rambles with his adored Annette. But leaving the reader to imagine what passed between them, I must hurry him off to England. He had lived there several years; when his uncle, being largely interested in property in the East-Indies, sent him to Java, to close his business.

He remained in the eastern climes three years, and returned with a constitution tottering in ruins. Meantime his uncle had married; new friends and connexions brought with them new attachments and new views, and Maywood found, instead of wealth and honor, and the full flow of grateful affection for the most important services, a cold reception, and the formalities of a close and exact settlement. He was stung with this behaviour to the quick, and desired, as the only reward for years of toil, and the sacrifices of health, to be once more placed upon his native shore; once more restored to the bosom of his father's home. It was granted, and two months after he landed at Philadelphia.

Though twelve years had now elapsed since he left the banks of the Hudson, during the last six of which the storms of the revolution had raged, and he had received no intelligence from home; he dwelt upon the anticipation of the visit with an enthusiast's delight, and counted over the days and hours that were yet to intervene between him and his native Hudson, with all the impatience of love and friendship. At length he set forward, and after an impatient journey of two days, the wild and majestic scenery of that noble river arose before him. With eager eyes and a full heart, in breathless anxiety, he rode towards his native valley. It was late in the evening, but the moon shone bright; and by its light, as he reached the lane that led towards the mansion of his father, he saw a man reclining along the fence, in a state of deep intoxication: the stranger observed him, and accosting him abruptly, he

discovered that it was his only brother. Though almost overcome with horror at this unexpected interview, he did not make himself known, but asked the young man about his father. My father and mother are both dead, said he, and are buried where you see those white tomb stones, in yonder field. "And your sister?"—She died six years ago. Maywood hid his face in his handkerchief, and sobbed aloud; he dared not make an enquiry about Annette, but pursued his way to the house, followed by his unfortunate brother. He entered the sacred mansion, now changed, indeed, from its former neatness and beauty, and presenting the very picture of poverty and ruin. The door flew open, and the first object that presented itself was the pale and faded features of Annette; she was his brother's wife? and when she saw him, she raised her hands and shrieked with a voice that brought her tattered children around her.

As one who is suddenly roused from a dream of rapturous bliss to behold the march of desolation and the hopeless waste of ruin, longs to shut his eyes once more and forever on the world, so Maywood beheld the scene in all its wretchedness and misery, and it broke his heart. He lingered thro' a few gloomy and disconsolate months, and his eyes were at last closed in death, by the hand of her whose life had been all the world to him for twenty years.

THE CAPTIVE.—A FRAGMENT.

.....He threw himself upon the turf—cast his eyes to heaven, and then on the ground. I have, said he, full liberty to range the bounded field to day. Upwards he turned the streaming orb of sight, and thanked the captive's guardian Father, then looked wishfully at the rose which he held in his hand. It was wet with the dew of eve. The emblem of Anna, repeated, Henry! and added to the lucid drops that glistened on the flower.—Sweet emblem of Anna, again he whispered, as he placed it in his bosom. Alas, the stalk snapt! the rose fell at his feet. A tear followed from his cheek. A sigh burst from his bosom. Too lively a picture of man! cried Henry. Perhaps, like the blushing rose, my Anna is nipt in the bud, and now lies mouldering in her urn;—and to-morrow, instead of straw, this cold sod may be my bed, and not one little stake tell where the captive lies. Henry breathed the ejaculation, thy will, O Heaven, be done! It was recorded in the annals of piety. A weeping cherub wrote it down. Hark! I hear the footsteps of my keeper. Adieu, ye balmy walks of innocence and peace. He was stopped, as passing on.—A human voice pronounced the happy sound, "Henry is free!" and then disappeared. It was the godlike Howard. May laughing loves around him play, and smiling angels watch his soft repose!

APHORISM.

There is not a villain in existence, whose mind does not silently acknowledge, that virtue is the corner stone of all felicity.

THE MONITOR.

DUELLING....A FRAGMENT.

* * * * A stream of light issued from the window : several persons were seen passing within, and the moanings of sorrow could not be mistaken. I approached nearer. On a bed lay a female apparently in the agonies of death, and on the right side kneeled a little girl of about 11 years of age, whose grief was loud. On the other side stood a boy of about 15—He was engaged in prayer; and the emotions of grief, despair, and hope, were alternately and strikingly exemplified. An old woman, who, from her appearance, had seen many moons, was preparing some medicine at a table, while a male child, just able to talk, stood prattling near the pillow. I will go to bed with mama, said the child. Your mama my dear, is very ill, sobbed the son—The child would not be restrained. O ! mama, why don't you speak ? it is your little Frank. How I will scold the Doctor man, he has made my mama sick—Let me kiss my mama ; when she was well she used to smile and call me her good little boy—now she looks so sad and so white—she don't smile now, added he mournfully. At this simple, but heart touching effusion, those present burst into tears. It was not the obstreperous gust of thoughtless despair which evaporates in sound, but that tender indefinable sensation produced by a sudden impulse of the heart too great for silence, and is refined by tears. It seemed to re-light the taper which burned tremulously in the expiring parent ; she opened her eyes—My children, said she—an awful silence prevailed—my child your mother leaves you in a few moments ; all before me is dark, nor can I presume to foretell my future destiny. The hope I have in the First Cause gladdens my dying moments ; to Him alone I consign whatever part of me may survive this wreck of matter : He may do with *that part* whatever he designed when he formed it ; nor can the supplications of a worm alter the Eternal will ! I could therefore depart without a sigh, without a tear ; but ye helpless, friendless orphans, where will ye find another parent ? In the great wilderness of the world you will be lost, or savage men may devour you. This good old woman who has shared my better days, will not desert my children when I am no more. She ceased. The silver cord was about to snap—The invisible fire was nearly extinct, and nature's finest production was about to become a mass of inert matter ! ! The youngest boy, who, with a brimful eye, had been attentively contemplating the pallid visage of his expiring parent, exclaimed, mama give your little Francis one more kiss—'twas too late, she cast a look of maternal tenderness on the child, sank on her pillow, and expired.

This fine woman, beautiful even when encircled in the chilly arms of the omniverous tyrant, married early in life the man she loved. They were not wealthy ; but they had enough. In a state of uncommon serenity they passed several years, till fate snatched away the husband, who was slain in a *duel*. This melancholy event hastened her dissolution, and she died of a broken heart ! ! Thou fiend in human shape, thou advocate for duelling, approach yon silent bed ; gaze on that lovely form, whom indirectly thy blood-stained arm hast laid low. See the fair flower thy pestiferous breath hast blasted ; mark the weeping orphans whom thou hast abandoned to the "mercy of a rude stream ;" then ask thy heart if this be charity.

Where yon willow hangs its mournful head, and courts the melancholy tomb stone, lies the victim of thy deadly passions.

The father of a family, their only stay upon earth, is cut off. Thou hast sapped the trunk and the withered branches bestrew the plain. What compensation canst thou make for the evils thou hast committed ?

HUMAN LIFE.

"Life's little stage, (says Young) is a small eminence—but inch-high above the

grave, that final home of man, where dwells the untold multitude. We look around—we read their monuments—we sigh—and, as we sigh, we sink, and are what we deplored!—lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

These sacred truths, though summarily expressed, are replete with interesting admonitions.

"We are apt to think *this* life of ours *immortal*, and to bestow no attention to the *narrow limits*, destined, sooner or later, to confine it ; thus thinking, *we live and act*, on many occasions, repugnant to that virtue and justice, which we should admire, venerate, and practice, did we call to mind the *uncertainty* of our prospects and duration *here*, and the *certainly* of an *hereafter*, in which we are to be rewarded, or punished, according to the good or bad deeds done in *this* life.

A *grave-yard* is both instructive to the mind, and wholesome to the soul. While it ridicules the idea of any other superiority in human nature, than that of worth and virtue, it demonstrates, that death hurls his darts alike at all ; and that, in the grave, all share one common fate, to moulder and decay ; and as we pass on, from stone to stone, from tomb to tomb, and either reflect upon the *inscriptions* or upon the *actions* which distinguish the persons they mark ; a *voice* seems continually ascending to our ears, saying, "Live righteously, that you may die good and live again to immortality of happiness and glory!"

THE GARLAND.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, 1824.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GARLAND.

There is a suggestion in your last Garland, (on the first page,) respecting the female character, so contradictory to every thing we see in real life, that I should accuse myself of supineness were I to let it pass in silence. It is quite a new idea in Christendom, that the female "constitution is hostile to religion." The following extracts may serve to convince the author of the piece alluded to, that some gentlemen entertain upon that subject ideas very different from his own. Although the ladies may forgive the writer in consideration of the goodness of his intentions, they certainly cannot congratulate him upon his success in the vindication of their rights and character.

HARPERS-FERRY.

"Do not imagine, that we disparage the glory, or that we lightly esteem the power of christianity, when we say, it is the only religion for the female sex ; for, though it was introduced for the good of the whole world, it produces much of this good by its effects on their condition, and its power on their hearts. When we find upon opening the gospels, such language as this ; Blessed are the poor in spirit ; blessed are the meek, the merciful, the peace-makers, the calumniated, is it surprising, that the most fond and faithful votaries of such a religion should be found among a sex, destined, by their very constitution, to the exercise of the passive, the quiet, the secret, the gentle and humble virtues ? Is it surprising, that, while the self-styled lords of the creation

are absorbed in the pursuits of wealth and ambition, distracted in the game of war and politics, or kept by business or pleasure out of the knowledge of that care and obscurity to which their female partners are separated by the customs of society—is it surprising, that the dependent, solitary female, in looking round for a bosom, where she may pour out her secrets, or assuage her anxieties, should resort with peculiar tenderness and confidence to that invisible parent, who is always present to her aid ; and thus acquire a habit of devotion and communion with God, unknown to our more presumptuous sex ? Accustomed more to retirement, than to active life, they have more leisure, and consequent disposition, for religious contemplation. It is, also, infinitely honorable to their character, that they ever feel a secret sympathy with a religion which unlocks all the sources of benevolent affection, which smiles on every exercise of compassion, and every act of kindness. We may say too, perhaps, that their hearts, not hardened by the possession of power, the pains of avarice, or the emulations of public life, are more alive to the accents of pardon by Jesus Christ, more awake to the glories of the invisible world. The gospel came to throw a charm over domestic life ; and, in retirement, the first objects which it found, were mothers and their children. It came to bind up the broken hearted ; and for that office woman was always best prepared. It came to heal the sick ; and woman was already waiting at their couches. It came to open the gates of life on the languid eye of the dying penitent ; and woman was every where to be seen, softly tending at the pillow, and closing the eyes of the departing." He further adds, "I believe, that if christianity should be compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academies of the philosophers, the halls of legislators, or the throng of busy men, we should find her last and surest retreat with woman at her fire side ; her last altar would be the human heart ; her last audience would be the children gathered round the knees of a mother ; her last sacrifice, the secret prayer escaping, in silence, from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God."

HISTORICAL.

FROM FLOWERS OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

Of Pearls, Diamonds, Rings, and Seals.

Among the ancients, pearls were much more esteemed than they are at present : and diamonds were very scarce, not becoming common till after the commerce with the Indies. But as to coloured stones they were not scarce, and they knew how to ent them perfectly well.—The Roman ladies wore necklaces and bracelets not only of pearls, but of precious stones. The antique statue of Lucilla, the wife of Lucius Verus, the colleague of Marcus Aurelius, represents her with bracelets of three rows. They had also another kind of bracelet, called spinther, which they wore near the elbow on the left arm. During a long series of time, under the commonwealth, the freedmen only and their children had their ears pierced, to distinguish them from those born of free parents. But when luxury had gained ground, young people of quality, and even men, caused their ears to be pierced, in order to wear pendants and pearls in them, like the women. It is observed that Cæsar, before he obtained the empire, did this fashion great honour, which prevailed till Alexander Servius prohibited the use of it to men. As to jewels, the Roman

ladies were so fond of them for a time, that Lollia Paulina, whom Agrippina caused to be put to death, for having attempted to marry the emperor Claudius in competition with her, was possessed of them to the amount of almost an hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

Luxury at length became so general, that the wives of the common people wore chains of silver about their feet.— This taste for jewels produced another for rings, which both men and women wore. At first they had only rings of gold or iron, according to the difference of rank, which served them as seals, and which they wore on the fourth finger.— They afterwards added a stone finely engraved, by way of seal; and when luxury had first taken place of this first simplicity, the use of gems and precious stones was introduced. They wore them on the fore finger by way of ornament; afterwards they added another on the little finger, so that all the fingers had them except the middle one. At length, through a refinement of luxury, they used to change them according to the seasons, and had light rings in summer, and heavy ones, set with large stones, for winter.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

EXTRACTS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE POET COWPER; JUST PUBLISHED.

"Whoever means to take my phiz will find himself sorely perplexed in seeking for a fit occasion. That I shall not give him one, is certain; and if he steals one, he must be as cunning and quick-sighted a thief as Autolycus himself. His best course will be to draw a face, and call it mine, at a venture. They who have not seen me these twenty years will say, "It may possibly be a striking likeness now, though it bears no resemblance to what he was; time makes great alterations." They who know me better will say, perhaps, "though it is not perfectly the thing, yet there is somewhat of the cast of his countenance. If the nose was a little longer, and the chin a little shorter, the eyes a little smaller, and the forehead a little more protuberant, it would be just the man." And thus, without seeing me at all, the artist may represent me to the public eye, with as much exactness as yours has bestowed upon you, though, I suppose the original was full in his view when he made the attempt." * * *

"While the world lasts, fashion will continue to lead it by the nose. And, after all, what can fashion do for its most obsequious followers? It can ring the changes upon the same things, and it can do no more. Whether our hats be white or black, our caps high or low—whether we wear two watches or one, is of little consequence. There is indeed an appearance of variety; but the folly and vanity that dictate and adopt the change, are

invariably the same. When the fashions of a particular period appear more reasonable than those of the preceding, it is not because the world is grown more reasonable than it was; but because in a course of perpetual changes, some of them must sometimes be for the better. Neither do I suppose the preposterous customs that prevail at present, a proof of its greater folly. In a few years, perhaps next year, the fine gentleman will shut up his umbrella, and give it to his sister, filling his hand with a crab tree cudgel instead of it: and when he has done so, will he be wiser than now? By no means. The love of change will have betrayed him into a propriety, which, in reality, he has no taste for, all his merit on the occasion amounting to no more than this—that, being weary of one plaything, he has taken up another."

WOMEN LESS COURTED THAN FORMERLY.

A few centuries ago women were scarcely accessible, but shut up in houses and castles, living retired from the bustle of the world. When they deigned to show themselves, they were approached as divines. A transient view of them often set the heart on fire; and their smiles conferred a happiness, and raised an enthusiastic ardour, of which at this period we can hardly form an idea. By degrees as manners became more free, and the sexes mixed together with less trepidation, they were approached with less deference, and sunk in their value as they became objects of great familiarity. Nor was this peculiar to the times we are delineating; the same effect has and always will happen from the same cause.

Let the female sex, therefore, learn this instructing lesson from it, that half the esteem and veneration we show them is owing to their modesty and reserve, and that a contrary conduct may make the most enchanting goddess degenerate in our eyes to a mere woman, with all the frailties of mortality about her. The forward beauty, whose face is known in every walk and in every public place, may be given as a toast, and have her name inscribed on the windows of the tavern; but she rarely ever becomes an object of esteem, or is solicited to become a partner for life.

MATRIMONIAL RECONCILIATION.

The people of Zurich have an old custom, which they probably derived from the wisdom of their ancestors. If married people, in spite of remonstrance, persist in a desire to separate, they are confined, for some weeks, in a chamber of the council-house, in which there is nothing but a small bed, a stool, and a table. Their food is given in one dish, with one plate, one knife and fork, and one spoon. Change of place, privation, and the sociability that arises from the necessity of mutual-

ly aiding each other, have frequently, before the time of probation expired, so reconciled them to each other, that they have renounced all thoughts of parting, and have lived peaceably together till death.

THE BEWITCHED LIEUTENANT.

In 1817, a very corpulent gentleman, a lieutenant of the royal navy, applied to the lord mayor of London under the following circumstances; he stated, that the lady of the house where he lived, her daughter, and several of the lodgers, had conspired to deprive him of his existence by means of "electricity and the attractive power;" that they had utterly deprived him of his ankle bones, the nobs of his wrists, and had superinduced a consumption. His lordship remarked, that his appearance by no means warranted that conclusion; but he assured his lordship, that his rotundity was occasioned by their contrivances, and that it consisted entirely of inflammable matter; that they had cut three setons in his neck, bled him four times on the arm with lancets, and seven times on the forehead with leeches, and that the young lady had applied the attractive power with so much violence as to extract two of his teeth! which teeth he produced in court, in corroboration of the fact; at the same time he handed up a voluminous written statement of his grievances, and concluded by claiming the protection of his lordship.

The lord mayor remarked, that he did not see how he could interfere with the attractive powers of the young lady, though she had used them with such strong effect.

The lieutenant said, it was not against this particular family only that he had to complain, but that multitudes were in the habit of tormenting him with a tube and a spring, and other vile contrivances, and it was lamentable and scandalous to see a great nation conspiring against an individual who had served his country in so many battles.

Augustus Cæsar, in his reproaches to the old Bachelors of Rome for not having married, told them that they were equally bad citizens, whether their example was imitated by every one or by no one.

When M. S——, a Frenchman, notorious for speaking ill of every body, died, it was reported that he had poisoned himself—"What!" replied Madame de Moustange; "Surely he must have bitten his own tongue!"

A gentleman observed to a lady, that since a recent illness, a mutual friend of theirs spoke very much like a puppy; "likely enough," replied the lady, "for I hear, that by order of the doctor, he has lately taken to bark."

SIR THOMAS MORE,

Was so remarkably attentive to the education of his daughters, and brought them up with such strict attention to every thing that can charm or be admired in a female, that the *School of More* was praised no less for its novelty, than the accomplishments of its pupils. Erasmus, from whom we derive these particulars, and who was often an inmate of that delightful society, greatly captivated with the easy manners, the animated conversation, and extraordinary accomplishments of these young ladies, could not help owning himself a complete convert to More's sentiments of female education. Yet, while he admired their improvement, and shared in the pleasures so diffused, he could not help remarking to his friend, one day, how severe a calamity it would be, if, by any of those fatalities to which the human race is liable, such accomplished beings, whom he had so painfully and successfully laboured to improve, should be snatched away!—"If they are to die," replied More, without hesitation, "I would rather have them die well informed, than ignorant." This reply, continues Erasmus, reminded me of a saying of Phocian, whose wife, as he was about to drink the poison, according to his sentence, exclaimed, "Ah! my husband, you die innocent!"—"And would you, my wife," he rejoined, "rather have me die guilty?"

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

I am no teller of stories; but there is one belonging to Burleigh-House, of which I happened to know some of the particulars. The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than 'lords that love their ladies like.' He determined to seek out a second wife in an humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled *incognito* (under the name of Mr. Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighborhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, his mode of life was retired, it was odd how he got his livelihood, and at last, he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma, he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer, at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it might seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns: there was something in the manners of their quiet, but eccentric guest, that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honorable proposals to her, and at the end of some months, they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled across the country. In this manner, they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping, till they came to the entrance of Burleigh-Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, "Well, my dear, this is Burleigh-House; it is the home I have promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!" It is said the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in was worth making, had it been only for this. *Ye Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Night's Entertainment!* hide your diminished heads! I never wished to have been a lord but when I thought of this story.

POETRY.

*The mind by grief and disappointment press'd,
Loves thy soft strains, which gently lull to rest."*

FROM THE CONNECTICUT MIRROR.

*On the AXE with which ANNA BOLEYN was beheaded:
still preserved in the Tower of London.*

Stern minister of fate severe!—
Who, drunk with beauty's blood,
Defying time, dost linger here,
Like beacon on destruction's flood,
Say—when ambition's giddy dream
First lur'd thy victim's heart aside,
Why, as a serpent, didst thou hide,
'Neath clustering flowers, and robes of pride,
Thy warning gleam?
Hadst thou but once revealed thy visage dread,
From glory's fearful cliff, her startled step had fled.

How little she reck'd when St. Edward's crown
So heavily pressed her tresses fair,
That with rankling point its thorns of care
Would fright soft sleep from her couch of down.
To thy tyrant's bower,
In her beauty's power,
She came—as a lamb to the lion's lair,
As a light bird cleaves the fields of air,
And earls blithe and sweet, while treachery weaves
its snare.

Ah! what were her pangs when she traced her fate,
On that changeful monarch's brow of hate?
What were the thoughts which, in misery's hour,
Thronged to her soul, in her prison tower?

Regret, with pencil keen,
Retouched the deepening scene.
Delightful France! whose cloudless skies
Bade her gay childhood's pleasures rise:
Earl Percy's love—his youthful grace:
Her gallant brother's fond embrace:
Her stately father's feudal halls,
Where long heraldic annals graced the ancient
walls.

Wrapt in the scaffold's mournful gloom
Guileless—to meet a guilty doom
She stands!—the life blood chills her heart,
And her tender glance from earth does part;
But her infant daughter's image fair,
In the smile of innocence is there:
It elings to her soul, 'mid its last despair—
And that desolate queen is doomed to know
How far a mother's grief transcends a martyr's woe.

Perehance prophetic light
Illumes her darkening sight,
Painting the future virgin queen
Like the fabled bird, all hearts surprising,
Bright from her blood-stained ashes rising,
Great...energetic...wise...serene.
Ah, no! the scroll of Time
Is sealed—and I hope sublime
Rests but on Immortality.

The dying prayer with trembling fervour speeds,
For that false monarch at whose will she bleeds—
For him, who, listening, on that fatal morn,
Hears her death signal o'er the distant lawn,
From the deep cannon speaking;
Then springs to mirth, and winds his bugle horn,
And riots, while her blood is reeking!

For him she prays, in seraph tone—
"O! be his sins forgiven,
Who raised me to an earthly throne,
And sends me now, from prison lone,
To be a saint in heaven." II.

EPIGRAM.

Jane to her spouse could not bestow
One TEAR of sorrow when he died;
His life had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried.

FROM THE NEW YORK MINERVA.

The following sweet little poem is the production of a young lady of New-Jersey, whose name we are not at liberty to mention. She has scarcely passed her fourteenth year. This is a beautiful blossom of a young intellect, and we hope that so gifted a genius will eul many more for our parterre.

BEAUTY.

Art thou a spirit sent to earth,
Of holy thought and heavenly birth?
Thou canst not be of mortal mould;
Earth never knew so fair a form—
And O! thy cheek looks bright and warm,
Thy brow like the pale lily cold,
The azure lustre of the skies
Is sleeping in thy beauteous eyes;
And in soft curls of chesnut brown
Thy waving locks fall playful down
Thy polish'd neck, and kiss thy cheek,
Like the young rose-bud brightly glowing,
O spirit, mortal, angel, speak!—
May I not pour my heart o'erflowing,
And kneel and worship thee? So bright,
So glorious art thou to my sight—
O! open those parted lips still more,
And tell me if I may adore?
Will it be call'd a crime to bow
In awe, before so fair a brow?
Art thou a Peri sent to tell
How Paradise may yet be won?
If so, I will observe thee well;
And when to heaven the Holy One
Shall call his erring child away,
O! I will hope to meet thee there,
And then in rapture bless the day
When first I saw a form so fair.—CORNELIA.

GRECIAN LITERATURE.

The following Epitaph, from the pen of Leonidas, describing the lamentations of a parent for the death of his child, appears to possess uncommon beauty and pathos.—[*N. Y. American.*]

"Farewell, my child! in manhood's bloom,
Thou sleep'st within the silent tomb,
Ere twenty fleeting springs have shed
Their roseate honors o'er thy head.

Henceforth upon thy early bier
I'll daily shed the gushing tear,
And waste in sighs the tedious stage
That closes life's sad pilgrimage.

For ah! no more the orient ray,
Soft glittering on the ocean's spray,
No more the mead with flowrets drest
Can waken raptures in my breast.

Come then, my child! and let me share
In deaths dread hour thy constant care—
And let me, from life's sorrows free,
Sink in the grave and rest with thee."

FOR THE GARLAND.

I heard the doleful village bell,
As solemn on my ear it fell,
In notes of saddest sorrow tell,
The youth is gone!
Scarcely had he passed his twentieth year,
When, lo! he's stretch'd upon the bier—
His weeping friends assembled near,
Pale—looking on.

His bier o'erspread with death's dark shroud,
With mournful step slow moves the crowd—
His mother's anguish bursting loud
Above the knell—
She goes—a last fond look to save—
(Maternal tears her temples lave,)
And whispers faintly in his grave,
A last farewell! JUVENIS.

"HARPER'S-FERRY, MARCH 27, 1834."